

MOST WRETCHED MAN-MOST LOYAL WIFE

Her Herculean
Work to Prove
Her Husband
Not a Traitor
to France.

to this woman's plea. He, too, promised to help her, if, upon examination of the evidence, he found himself justified in so doing.

Last of all, she appealed to the Pope. Here she was unable to obtain an audience, but she obtained a solemn promise from the secretary to His Holiness that her petition would be laid before him. Her written plea to the Holy Father concluded with these eloquent words:

"I kneel at the feet of the Vicar of Christ, in sorrow and tears, and beg his compassion, as the daughters of Jerusalem once looked in the face of Christ himself to pray for His sympathy."

The result of Mme. Dreyfus's agitation has been a diplomatic expression of opinion by some of the powers that there are grounds for granting Dreyfus a new trial. It is now hoped that the French Government will consent to have Dreyfus removed from his place of exile to a military station in Algeria, where the trial can take place free from the popular prejudice which was prevalent on the other occasion.

In the meantime Dreyfus is slowly dying. A Frenchman who recently visited the island named Ile du Salut—Island of Safety—has brought back a vivid account of his imprisonment and sufferings.

The Ile du Salut is the smallest and most barren of the three. Any sort of agriculture is impossible on account of the rain, which falls without interruption for five months of the year. The only crops that flourish are crops of reptiles. The sun is so fierce in summer that to expose one's self to it for half an hour at midday means death.

Until last year the island was used for the isolation of lepers in a few huts of wood thatched with straw. Some goats that were kept there for a time were removed on account of the unhealthiness of the place.

When the order was received to prepare the island for Dreyfus the officials burned the lepers' huts, which were fearfully dirty, and built two new ones. One was for the chief guard and six assistants, all of them retired non-commissioned officers, and two convicts to act as their servants. The other was for Dreyfus, and he was to live alone in it.

There he has now lived for twenty-five months, visibly growing nearer the grave, but yet buoyed up to some extent by hopes of release.

The guards are ordered never to let him for one moment out of their sight, and never, under any circumstances, to speak to him. They obey their orders absolutely. The six assistants divide the day among them under the direction of their chief, Brigadier Lebans. The time is divided into watches of four hours.

When night comes one of the guards is stationed with his rifle loaded in a sort of drum adjoining the bedroom of the condemned. Here, standing upright, a man watches Dreyfus the whole night long, never under any circumstances addressing a word to him.

This nocturnal duty, which was performed by one single man during the whole of one year, is so exhausting that it brought on symptoms of insanity in this case. Therefore it has been ordered that in future the night service shall also be divided up into watches.

But the same seven are still doing the horrible work. Day in and day out on the desolate island they watch the wretched Dreyfus, following him like shadows, cursing him and cursing their own luck, but never speaking to him, for they are old soldiers.

Dreyfus has borne himself with a resignation which has greatly impressed those who have seen him. In the laconic letters, carefully revised by the Governor of Guiana, which he sends home, he reiterates his declaration that he is innocent. The only attempt that has been made officially to secure a favor for him was when M. Chantepey, Minister of the Colonies, asked the Governor of Guiana if it would not be possible to authorize Mme. Dreyfus to visit her husband. The Governor, fearing complications, replied that it would be absolutely impossible.

Dreyfus leads a very regular life and observes all possible hygienic rules, being anxious, apparently, to resist the deadly climate as long as possible. He smokes incessantly, never drinks, eats little and sleeps barely seven hours.

No newspapers may be sent to him, but he may have the literary and military reviews, periodicals and novels. He reads a great deal. He is permitted to clothe and feed himself at his own expense and according to his own taste.

In spite of all his precautions, his health is evidently breaking down. His back is bent, his hair is white, his beard, which he has let grow, is gray; his cheeks are yellow and hollow.

From the Ile du Salut the condemned can see the two other islands of the group. One, the Ile Royale, is occupied by a garrison of marine infantry and some convicts. The other, the Ile St. Joseph, has a larger penal settlement, including some famous Anarchists. Among them is one who acts as executioner.

On one side the Ile Royale, with its garrison; on the other the Ile St. Joseph, with its executioner, and only the boundless sea beyond them. There does not seem the shadow of a chance of escape for Dreyfus.

The channel between the Ile Royale and the Ile du Salut, by which the latter must be approached, is very dangerous. While preparing the island for Dreyfus a guard and two men were wrecked and drowned. Even if Dreyfus succeeded in evading the surveillance of seven armed soldiers, the vessel bearing him would hardly escape observation from the other islands.

The Ile du Salut is connected with Cayenne by telephone, telegraph and optic signals. The cost to France of keeping this alleged traitor in a living grave is 50,000 francs a year.

THE LOYAL WIFE.

The Wife of Capt. Dreyfus is Moving Heaven and Earth to Save Him.

FROM across the ocean come the tidings that the wife of Captain Dreyfus, the disgraced and exiled French officer, has induced the Pope and some of the most powerful potentates of Europe to intercede with the French Government on behalf of her husband in order to obtain for him a new trial.

The thousands of people whose eyes fell upon this paragraph remembered, in a hazy way, who Captain Dreyfus was and the nature of the crime with which he was charged. To most of them the news that his wife was doing something to help her husband was of exceeding little interest. It was told in a paragraph hidden in a corner of the newspapers, and it has been completely forgotten.

This story should have been graven on imperishable gold, so that the children of all ages to come could read it!

It is the story of a wife's sacrifice, of a woman's devotion!

No more dramatic episode has occurred in recent history than the conviction and degradation of Captain Alfred Dreyfus, of the French army, as a traitor. He was convicted in 1894 of selling plans of the Minister of War to the German Government. Among them were plans for the mobilization of the French army on the eastern frontier in the event of war. Than this no offence could be greater in the eyes of Frenchmen. He was sentenced with every conceivable detail of degradation that military men could devise to inflict on a soldier. He was condemned to exile for life in such a manner that the worst form of imprisonment in any European or American jail is merciful in comparison.

The case for Captain Dreyfus has been able to set forth in a pamphlet recently published in Paris by M. Bernard-Lazare. He first summarizes the Government's case. According to this authority, Dreyfus was a bad character, a busybody among the officers of the War Department, a conspirator whom all disliked and who carried his guilt in his face. The French Secret Service had for some time prior to 1894 been bribing the concierge of the German Embassy at Paris to secure its office sweepings for them, among which they one day found a torn wrapper, purporting to have contained documents relating to the arming and disposition of French troops, a list of which was indorsed in French on its back. A cipher letter previously deciphered had spoken of some "animal de Dreyfus," and because of this allusion and a supposed similarity in his handwriting to that on the wrapper, Captain Dreyfus was charged with treason, court-martialed and exiled for life.

The trial was principally a dispute among experts in handwriting, proved nothing positive and was finally decided by the secret transmission among the judges of a letter whose contents are still undivulged.

The friends of Dreyfus contend that he was an exemplary character, a married man, rich beyond temptation. He was no busybody; none of his acts was suspicious. The letter stolen from the German Embassy alluded to no Dreyfus at all, but to some one designated as "D." Moreover, another man whose name began with "D" had been suspected before Dreyfus.

The incriminating paper, it is asserted, is not in Dreyfus's handwriting; Dreyfus could not have procured the documents it purported to contain; it is very doubtful if any such documents ever were furnished the Germans by any one. It is asserted by those who should know that no military information bureau has as much as 500,000 francs, the price Dreyfus is said to have received, to give away at one time.

The trial was, of course, conducted strictly according to the French legal principle, that every one accused is presumed guilty until he proves himself innocent. The zeal of the Minister of War to convict is said, moreover, to have been increased by popular fury against an alleged traitor who had the misfortune to be a German-speaking Alsatian and a Jew. Here ends M. Lazare's plea.

There was no doubt that some one had been selling valuable information to Ger-

many about France's fortresses and about her plans in case of war. The German War Office was informed of the places where concentration of troops would take place, of the movement of trains on all the railways and of storehouses en route. Suspicion was fastened on Dreyfus, partly because he was seen by detectives in clubs and cafes frequented by Germans. At the trial he explained this by saying that he was there to practise German, but on the other hand it was said that he had spoken German perfectly from childhood.

He was arrested in October, 1894. Just before the trial public feeling against him was further incensed by the protest of the German Embassy against the French custom of stealing documents from it. Additional irritation was caused by the fact that the French Cabinet was not unanimous on the question of his guilt. Those who did not believe it were also accused of being traitors.

The trial was held in secret, so that it should not publicly appear that the stolen documents were used against the accused. Dreyfus denied his guilt and brought experts to combat the testimony of those who swore the documents were in his writing, but without avail. The case, when the case was ended, retired for an hour, and then came back to the place of trial and unanimously declared that the accused was guilty of having given to a foreign power,

or to an agent of a foreign power, documents concerning the national defence.

The public had been admitted to hear the verdict, although Dreyfus was not present, and when it was announced there were loud cries of "Vive la patrie!"

Then the president of the court said: "The sentence is that Captain Dreyfus be imprisoned for life in a fortified place."

Dreyfus heard both the verdict and the sentence in the courtyard, after the popular shout, and he was taken to the centre of a hollow square formed by guards. He listened in silence, but with tears running down his face. This was on December 22, 1894.

But imprisonment for life was not all his punishment. On the morning of January 3, 1895, Captain Dreyfus was taken to the Ecole Militaire. Beginning before daylight on that day detachments of troops had been sent thither from every garrison about

Paris—veterans, new recruits and men of all ranks and grades in the service—until 5,000 men under arms had assembled. These were formed in a square on the parade ground.

It was a bitterly cold morning, but with the troops came the hosts from the Paris streets to gather about the soldiers and climb up on every available resting place that would give a view within the square—even to pay a dollar each for the privilege of standing on a step ladder.

At 9 o'clock precisely Dreyfus, escorted by a squad of soldiers, marched to the centre of the square and halted before the commanding general. He was in full uniform and bore his arched sword in his hand, but the sword had been filed almost in two, while the ornaments on his uniform and the insignia of his rank had been ripped off and then replaced with a stitch here and there in anticipation of the theatrical display that was to be made.

When ready an Adjutant read the verdict of the court-martial. The prisoner flushed red, but otherwise made no move. Then the General said:

"Dreyfus, you are unworthy to carry arms. In the name of the people of France we degrade you."

Thereat the Adjutant took the sword of Dreyfus, and with a flourish, broke it across his own knee, and following this ripped the gold lace from the prisoner's uniform and threw it on the ground.

At this Dreyfus shouted in a loud voice: "Vive la France! You have degraded an innocent man. I swear I am innocent."

He would have spoken further, but a roll of drums overpowered his voice, while the populace without the square screamed "A mort le traître!"

Dreyfus was then marched around the interior of the square, "le parade de l'exécution." The scene was so impressive that some of the younger soldiers turned



THE SENTENCE OF MILITARY DEGRADATION OF CAPT. DREYFUS.

The Isle of Safety Where Capt. Dreyfus Is a Prisoner.

their heads. Dreyfus marched with a firm tread, and when he reached the delegation of officers, raised his hand and said:

"Tell the whole of France that I am innocent. I declare I am innocent."

It is said that he heard only "Down with the Judas" and "Silence, traitor!" in return.

Dreyfus was placed temporarily in prison in France, where he again protested his innocence, and declared, "Providence in its own time will reveal the real culprit."

As Dreyfus's place of exile and lifelong imprisonment, the Government selected the Ile du Salut, one of the Iles du Salut, which lie a few degrees north of the equator, off the coast of French Guiana, in South America.

The condemned man was rich, cultivated, a favorite with many officers and the head of a charming household. From this position he fell in the eyes of Frenchmen lower than the vilest criminal that ever went to the gall or the guillotine.

But there were many who firmly believed Dreyfus to be innocent, and foremost among these was his wife, Mme. Dreyfus. She is a woman of rare intellectual ability, and possesses striking beauty. She is also very rich, having inherited a large fortune from her father, M. Hadamard, a great diamond merchant.

Convinced of her husband's innocence she set out, in the beginning, to learn all she could of the Government's side of the case. Obstacles were thrown in her way, and strong influence was brought to bear upon her to induce her to desist. It was explained to her that the Government would under no circumstances reopen the case, and that the verdict against her husband was final.

Undaunted by rebuffs and denials, she gathered what she believed to be conclusive proof of her husband's innocence, and laid it before the Government, with an appeal for a new trial for her husband. It was refused. Undismayed by this defeat, Mme. Dreyfus sought the leaders of the various political parties, the members of the Chamber of Deputies, statesmen, politicians, priests—all men, in fact whom she thought might have influence with the Government.

She told them that she had proof that her husband had never betrayed his country. She swore that this proof was strong enough to acquit him. On her knees she begged for justice.

"It is not mercy I ask for!" she cried. "I want justice!"

They pitied her but they dared not help her. The most of them were convinced that her husband was guilty. Those whose convictions were not so strong feared to arouse the fury of the populace by using their influence in such an unpopular direction. There was no one in her own land to help her. Then Mme. Dreyfus crossed the border and went into other lands to seek aid for her exiled husband.

She threw herself at the feet of German princesses and implored them to obtain for her an audience with the Emperor. After tremendous exertions and long, dreary waiting, she was admitted to the palace. She poured her tale of woe into the Emperor's ear. He listened to her with great sympathy, and when she had finished, he promised to look into the matter with great care and give it his personal attention until he had convinced himself of the strength of weakness of her claim.

If he came to the conclusion that Captain Dreyfus was innocent, he promised that he would do what he could, in a diplomatic way, to obtain for him a new trial. It was contrary to all precedent. A woman's tears had accomplished what no amount of intrigue or favor could have brought about.

Then Mme. Dreyfus journeyed to the Austrian Court, where, by means of her pleading determination and her resolute efforts, she finally reached Franz-Joseph's ear. To him she told the same story, and from him she received the same promise. Next she went to Russia, where the Czar granted her an audience, and promised to look into her husband's case. His influence, should he decide to exert it in Captain Dreyfus's behalf, would have enormous weight with the French Government.

Among other monarchs, even the King of Greece, though completely taken up with his own serious affairs, found time to listen